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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

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THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE
FOR THE YOUNG . . . .
BASED ON LAMB'S TALES; WITH
PASSAGES AND SCENES INSERTED
FROM THE PLAYS, AND SONGS
SET TO MUSIC. UNDER THE
GENERAL EDITORSHIP OF
PROFESSOR I. GOLLANCZ

THE TRIAL

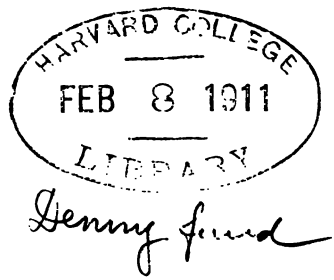
THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE
FOR THE YOUNG

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ILLUSTRATED BY L. E. WRIGHT; WITH SONGS SET TO MUSIC BY T. MASKELL HARDY

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1908

13 x 7 1/2.14.18



Genny Frank

"SIT, JESSICA. LOOK HOW THE FLOOR OF HEAVEN
IS THICK INLAID WITH PATINES OF BRIGHT GOLD:
THERE'S NOT THE SMALLEST ORB WHICH THOU BE-
HOLD'ST
BUT IN HIS MOTION LIKE AN ANGEL SINGS,
STILL QUIRING TO THE YOUNG-EYED CHERUBINS;
SUCH HARMONY IS IN IMMORTAL SOULS;
BUT WHILST THIS MUDDY VESTURE OF DECAY
DOTH GROSSLY CLOSE IT IN, WE CANNOT HEAR IT."

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

THE play of *The Merchant of Venice* is a tale of love and a tale of hate. It tells how the hand of a fair lady was won by her lover; it tells also how hatred may turn men into monsters: the tale of hate is not so readily understood as the tale of love.

In this play, Shakespeare shows us the terrible mischief caused in the world, when people wickedly hate one another because they are not of the same religion.

In the glorious city of Venice, in former times the Jews were treated with great unkindness, and were not allowed any of the freedom which their Christian fellow-subjects enjoyed. They were not regarded as citizens, and were forced to live together in certain

streets in the poor part of the city, which was called "The Ghetto," and for the most part they were compelled to gain their living by the meanest and lowest of trades: they were forbidden to take up any of the higher and nobler professions, though many of them loved learning, and gave up their lives to deep study.

All possible indignity was put upon them, and the proud nobles and merchants of the city treated them with cruel scorn. But the Jews were themselves a proud people, though so miserable and down-trodden; and they had a right to be proud, remembering how great they had been in days of old; that they were "God's chosen people"; that the greatest of all treasures, the Book of Books, had been their gift to the world; and that those who so hated them had, through them, received their "Religion of Love."

The same harsh treatment was shown to Jews almost everywhere, and to this day there are parts of the world where, sad to say, they are still cruelly and unfairly used.

The Jews being small in number were helpless against this treatment, but those who

so hated them could crush neither their spirit nor their intellect.

It was quite natural that their spirit should be embittered, though never was it so greatly embittered as might have been expected, for the Jews feel indignity all the more because they hold so great a place in the world's history.

Their intellect could not be crushed, and they did much to keep alight the Lamp of Learning during Europe's Dark Ages. Earning their livelihood as best they could, they also did much to create what, in modern times, is called commerce. In spite of all the difficulties put in their way, some of them prospered and became rich, so that people came to them to borrow money, and they made them pay interest for the loan. A person who makes profit by lending money at very high interest is called a usurer; the Jews themselves look upon usury as a dishonourable and evil business. We must, however, remember that the lives of their wives and children too often depended upon their being able to pay money to those who persecuted them; so we must not judge too harshly even

these despised usurers. But there is no excuse for usurers, whether Jews or Christians, in lands of freedom.

For the story of Shylock, Shakespeare took an old legend which had not the least truth in it, for no such Jew as Shylock ever existed. No Jew, even though maddened as Shylock was by hatred and misery, ever really acted as Shylock is made to do. Shakespeare cleverly used the false legend, and while drawing Shylock as black as possible, makes us feel that even were he as black as he is painted, the evil in his character was due to the cruel way in which he and his people had been treated. Shakespeare, feeling this himself, puts into Shylock's mouth a great and famous speech, which is often quoted as Shakespeare's rebuke, as it were, to the world for its inhuman treatment of fellow-men.

From evil comes evil, good from good; hatred comes from hatred, and love from love.

SHYLOCK was a usurer who had amassed a fortune by lending money at high interest. He exacted payment of the money he had lent, and too often those who borrowed from him hated him. Antonio, the merchant of Venice, disliked him much, and Shylock dis-

liked Antonio in return. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the *Rialto* (the Exchange of Venice) he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings; Shylock bore this treatment with seeming patience, while he felt great bitterness in his heart.

Among his friends Antonio was held to be the best of men, and this is how one of them speaks of him—

"The dearest friend, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy."

He was greatly beloved by his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who had nearly exhausted the little fortune left him by his father by spending more money than he could afford, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him, and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

One day Bassanio came to Antonio and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by marrying a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate :—

" In Belmont is a lady richly left ;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages ;
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia ;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos'
strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate ! "

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend ; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with

merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked him for the loan of 3000 ducats, upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. "Shylock, do you hear, will you lend the money?" said Antonio.

Then Shylock gives expression to the bitterness in his heart, brought about by the humiliation to which he and his people had been subjected by these haughty Venetians; and Shylock is made, "in a merry jest," to lend Antonio the money without interest, on condition that if he did not repay the debt by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased. Let us hear the scene between the three men, Shylock on the one side, Antonio and Bassanio on the other:—

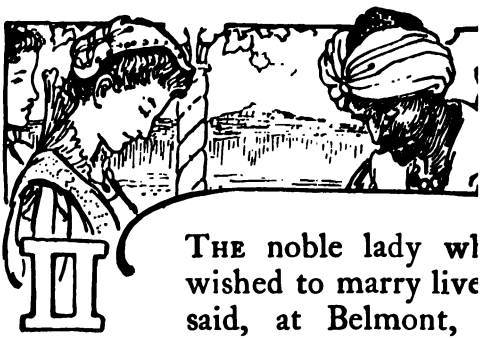
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say
" Shylock, we would have moneys : " you say so,
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say
" Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? " or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this—
" Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys ? "

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take

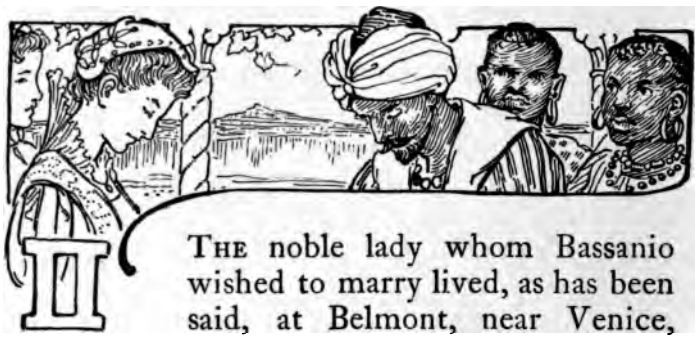
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalties.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.
Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.



THE noble lady wl
wished to marry live
said, at Belmont,
where she was woo
suitors from all parts of the worl
father had willed that each
make choice of one of three c
gold, one of silver, one of lead—
who chose the casket containin
should marry her. In a charmin
scene, Portia discusses with her
the princely suitors who had
their fortune: the Neapolitan
County Palatine, the French L
Le Bon, the Scottish Lord, the y
and young Falconbridge, the y
England. Portia makes fun
Englishman :—

"You know I say nothing
he understands not me, nor I



THE noble lady whom Bassanio wished to marry lived, as has been said, at Belmont, near Venice, where she was wooed by many suitors from all parts of the world. Now, her father had willed that each suitor should make choice of one of three caskets—one of gold, one of silver, one of lead—and the lover who chose the casket containing her portrait should marry her. In a charming and amusing scene, Portia discusses with her maid, Nerissa, the princely suitors who had already tried their fortune: the Neapolitan Prince, the County Palatine, the French Lord Monsieur Le Bon, the Scottish Lord, the young German, and young Falconbridge, the young Baron of England. Portia makes fun of the young Englishman :—

"You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath

PORTIA AND NERISSA

neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere."

By mere chance, as it were, Nerissa mentions Bassanio:—

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

While they are thus talking together, a serving-man enters announcing that four unsuccessful suitors wished to take leave, and

that a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, is approaching.

"Come, Nerissa," laughs Portia. "Sirrah, go before. Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door."

The Prince of Morocco then enters in great state; in dignified words he prays that Portia may not reject him because he is dark of hue, and Portia explains to him the conditions of the wooing.

Let us watch the scene in which the Prince makes choice of the caskets.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,

" Who chooseth me must give and hazard all
he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right ?
Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince.
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let
me see ;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket ?
" Who chooseth me must give and hazard all
he hath."
Must give,—for what ? for lead ? hazard for
lead ?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages :
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue ?
" Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves."
As much as he deserves ! Pause there,
Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand :
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady :
And yet to be afeared of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve ! Why, that's the lady :
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding ;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold :
" Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her ;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint :
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia :
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought.

Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] "All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost !
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt.*

EVEN after the departure of the Prince of Morocco, another suitor tries his fortune: he is as unsuccessful as the former suitors, and again we have a scene of the choice of the casket.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnised:

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

What many men desire! that "many" may
be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show
Not learning more than the fond eye doth
teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-
house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves:"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
sume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear
honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] "The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this."
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.
[*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

No sooner has the Prince of Arragon taken his leave than a servant enters to announce the arrival of another suitor, this time none other than Bassanio himself, who had set out for Belmont, supplied with money by his friend Antonio: he was attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

It is at once clear that if Portia could have her way, Bassanio would readily win her hand. As it is, he too must fulfil the conditions, and she can but pray that he may select the right casket. What a contrast is the scene in which he makes choice, as compared with the previous casket scenes.

Por. I pray you, tarry : pause a day or two
Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company ; therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you ; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—

And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,

Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love ;
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Por. Well then, confess and live.
Bass. "Confess," and "love,"
Had been the very sum of my confession :
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away, then ! I am lock'd in one of them :
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice ;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music : that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
And what is music then ? Then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more
love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !
Live thou, I live : with much much more
dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the
fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. Thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!
Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!
Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,

Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.
[*Reads*] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;

BASSANIO'S CHOICE

As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,

This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and

Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

"With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman, Nerissa,—"You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid,"—and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to

BASSANIO READING ANTONIO'S LETTER

you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were: "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*" "O my dear love," said Portia, "despatch all business, and be gone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano,

the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, Shylock would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

Before the trial takes place, Shylock has become quite maddened by misery, and more especially by grief, owing to the fact that in addition to all his other sufferings, the greatest of all pain has befallen him by the cruel desertion of his only child, Jessica, his life's one joy, whom he dearly loved, and who had gone away secretly from her home with a young Venetian, Lorenzo, one of those who so hated Shylock and his people; and she had carried off, also, much rich treasure belonging to her father. But it was not the loss of his treasure that so much affected Shylock as the loss of his child, and the knowledge that she, his own flesh and blood, had joined his enemies against him. Unless

this is remembered, Shylock's mad desire for vengeance cannot be properly understood.

Every one found sport in mocking him.

SHYLOCK AND LAUNCELOT

Even his servant Launcelot, who had left him for the service of Bassanio, dared to annoy him.

While he was suffering most keenly for the

loss of his child, one of Antonio's friends came jeering at him, and then asked him what good it would do, supposing Antonio did not pay him, to take his flesh; and Shylock, in his anguish, spoke these impassioned words:—

"If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?

Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.
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Be content and seek no new.
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And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."
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I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;

BASSANIO'S CHOICE

into action by the peril of her honoured husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a lawyer. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a lawyer, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The case was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have

come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor, Balthasar (so he called Portia), might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw Shylock; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform; and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *Mercy*. Here is the famous scene:—

Duke. Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful :
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. [*Aside*] These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!—
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh":
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?
Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.
Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content ; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

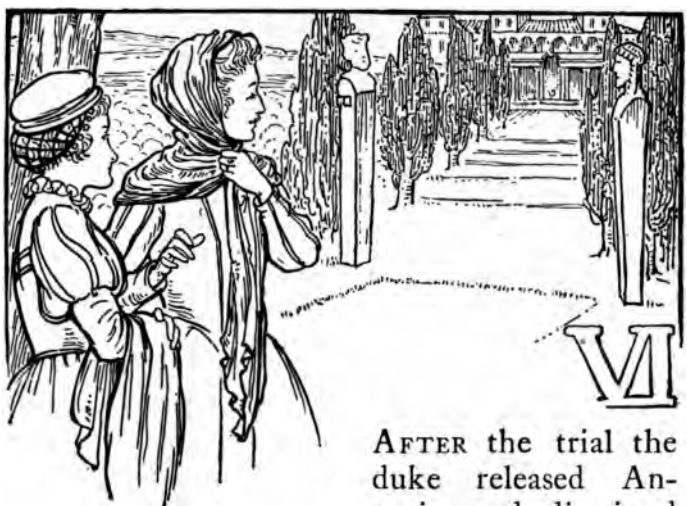
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

This Trial Scene of *The Merchant of Venice* affects people in various ways, and the greater the actor the more pathetic is the unhappy figure of Shylock. The great poet, Heine, tells us how, when he saw this play at Drury Lane, there stood behind him in the box "a

pale, fair Briton, who at the end of this scene fell a-weeping passionately, several times exclaiming, 'The poor man is wronged.'" . . . "When I think of those tears," he adds, "I have to rank *The Merchant of Venice* with the *Tragedies.*"



VI

AFTER the trial the duke released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most

worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake:" and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger: now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring, "And for your love I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the young lawyer should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it: but that he would give him the

most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the clerk, Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged *his* ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that

pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa :—

" That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

And hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, " Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

Jessica and Lorenzo are awaiting Portia's return : it is a moonlight night, and seated in the garden, moonlight and music touch their hearts ; and Shakespeare makes Lorenzo

speak words which are as full of wisdom as of beauty. Shakespeare means that every human soul is an immortal soul, and that in every soul there is sweet harmony, but that, during life, amid the world's turmoil, man does not hear it, and indeed too often harmony seems crushed out altogether. This I take to be the moral of the Play : it is to be noted that Lorenzo speaks the words to his beloved wife Jessica, Shylock's own daughter.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the
night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb which thou be-
hold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied that it was about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave him.

A playful scene follows, in which Portia pretends to discover that Bassanio had given away the ring that she had given to him, and she seems to be none the less angry because the ring was given to the young lawyer who had saved Antonio's life; but at last the whole truth comes out.

Gra. [*To* NERISSA] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were dead that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

BASSANIO PRESENTING ANTONIO TO PORTIA

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come within your arms
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe :
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.
Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away ;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?
I was enforced to send it after him ;
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady ;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,

I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him, how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that

it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives, Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

"While he lived, he'd fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring."

SVCH·HARMONY·
SOVLS··BVT·
MVDDY·VESTVRE
DOTH·GROSSLY·
WE·CANNOT·
IS·IN·IMMORTAL·
WHILST·THIS·
OF·DECAY·
CLOSE·IT·IN·
HEAR·IT·

SONG

ARRANGED FOR HOME AND SCHOOL SINGING

TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED

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The publishers have to acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. T. MASKELL HARDY for his general supervision, and in most cases his arrangement, of the settings used in the LAMB SHAKESPEARE.

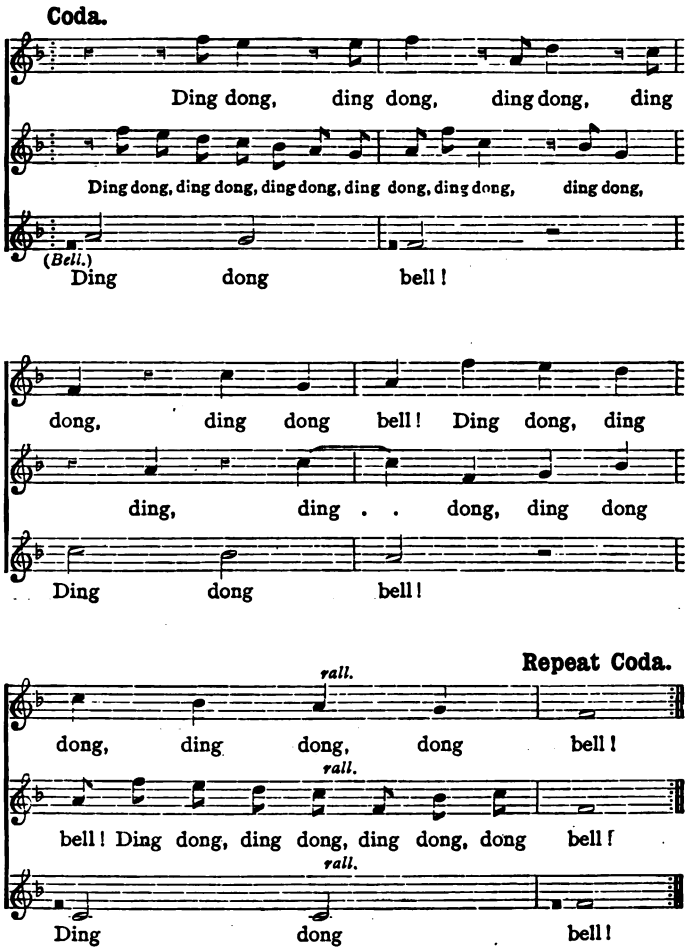
TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

ROUND FOR UNACCOMPANIED SINGING.

(Composed for the Harmonic Society of Cambridge, in 1790?.)

Music by Rev. LEGH RICHMOND, A.M.

1
Tell me, where is Fan - cy bred?
2
It is en-gen - der'd in the eyes;
3
Let us all ring Fan - cy's knell! Let us
Or in the heart, or in the head?
With ga - zing fed; and Fan - cy
all ring Fan - cy's knell!
How be - got, how nour - ish - ed?
Go back to 2
dies In the cra - dle where it lies!
Go back to 3
I'll be - gin . . it:
Go back to 1


Coda.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
(Bell.)
Ding dong bell!
dong, ding dong bell! Ding dong, ding
ding, ding . . dong, ding dong
Ding dong bell!
Repeat Coda.
rall.
dong, ding dong, dong bell!
rall.
bell! Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, dong bell!
rall.
Ding dong bell!

TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

Doh is **F**.

1 | d :- .d | s_1 :f | m :r .d | r :
Tell me, where is Fan - cy bred?

2 | s :s .f | m :r | d :d' | t :
It is en-gen - der'd in the eyes;

3 | m :- .r | d :t$_1$ | d :d | s_1 :d .r
Let us all ring Fan - cy's knell! Let us

| .m :f .s | l :
Or in the heart,

| .d' :t .l | s :d | t_1 :r
With ga-zing fed; and Fan - cy

m :— | f :— | m :r .d | s :
all ring Fan - cy's knell!

| .s :f .m | m .r :
or in the head?

d :d' | t .d' :r' | s :f | m :
How be - got, how nour- ish - ed?

m :s .s | s :f | m :r | d :
dies In the cra - dle where it lies!

d :— | s :— | d' :t | d' :
I'll be - - gin it:

Go back to **2**

Go back to **3**

Go back to **1**

Coda.

: .d' | t : .t | d' : .m | l : .s
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding

.d' :t .l | s .f :m .r | m .d' :s | .f :r
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

m :— | r :— | d :— | :
Ding dong bell!

TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

|d	:	|s	:r	|m	:d'	|t	:l
dong,		ding	dong	bell!	Ding	dong,	ding
	:m	|	:s	—	:d	|r	:f
	ding,		ding		dong,	ding	dong
s	:—	|f	:—	m	:—	|	:
Ding		dong		bell!			

Repeat Coda.

|s	:f	|m	:r	|d	:—	|—	:—
dong,	ding	dong,	dong	bell!			
m .d'	:t .l	|s .d	:f .s	d	:—	|—	:—
bell! Ding	dong, ding	dong, ding	dong, dong	bell!			
s_1	:—	|s_1	:—	d	:—	|—	:—
Ding		dong		bell!			

DIRECTIONS FOR SINGING THE ROUND.

The first voice begins alone at the bar marked 1; at the end of the sixth bar it proceeds to the bar marked 2, and having sung to the end of the twelfth bar, returns to the bar marked 3, from which point it sings to the end of the round. The other voices proceed in the same manner, the second voice beginning the bar marked 1 at the moment the first voice begins the bar marked 2, while the third voice takes up bar 1 just as the first voice begins singing the bar marked 3.

When the round has been sung through by all the voices, the three parts of the Coda are attacked *simultaneously*.

The round itself may be sung by solo voices or a semi-chorus, the Coda being taken up by the whole chorus.

The square black notes in the first, second and fifth bars of the Coda should be played on the pianoforte, to represent the tones of a bell. Of course, this can be done only when the pitch of the voices is perfectly maintained.

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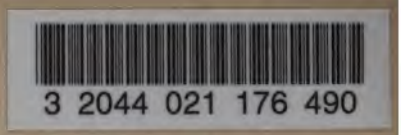
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